Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue ſhall not deny me this.
Baſſ. This Ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this.
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Baſſ. There's more then this depends vpon the valew:
The deareſt Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deſeru'd the Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you. *Exeunt*

An. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deſeruings and my loue withall,
Be valew'd gainſt your wiues commandement.
Baſſ. Go *Gratiano*, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt.
Exeunt Gratiano.

Come

Come you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes houſe out, giue him this deede,
And let him ſigne it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath ſent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept moſt thankefully,
And ſo I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old Shylockes houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeake with you.
Ile ſee if I can get my husbands Ring,
Which I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhall haue old ſwearing
That they did giue the Rings away to men,
But weele out-face them, and out-ſweare them too,
Away, make haſt, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The Moone ſhines bright.
In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the Trees,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo